SUMMER HOTEL MENUS

BY THE SOCIAL ARBITER.

NOTE—The Arbiter will be glad to answer any question of a social nature that may be submitted. Such question should be addressed to The Arbiter, care The Washington Herald.

Complaints are abroad, as is usual at this season of year, regarding the bills-of-fare at the summer hotels, complaints that when all is told, are not without reason. The national love of pretension is responsible for the elaborate and absurd menus that are offered to visitors at the little inland and seashore villages that tempt weary workers from the hot town to these hamlets.

The midsummer influx of city folk to the highways and byways of the country has converted almost every villager in New England into a landlord or landlady, and these worthy hosts, having relatives in town to whom they have made occasional visits or being subscribers to a weekly paper, at least, know to what their city guests are accustomed and endeavor to give them the same dishes that they get at the Touraine, the Waldorf, Sherry's, or some of the other places frequented by those with money and leisure, hence the elaborate bills-of-fare, which arouses one's expectations without satisfying his appetite.

It is obviously impossible for a host in a town miles away from the railroad and with no telegraphic facilities, even if he had the means, to compete with the purveyors of New York and Boston, but to the provincial New England mind nothing is impossible, and words stand for much. Merely to read "beefsteak with mushrooms," printed boldly on the crossroads menu stimulates the gastric juices of the inexperienced and unsuspecting "summer boarder," but when that same "beefsteak and mushrooms" turns out to be a miserable, thin, tough piece of overdone meat that might have come from any old animal, over which is poured a greasy gravy with two or three thinly sliced mushrooms to a quart, his confidence is destroyed in that dazzling document forever more.

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The chief dishes of a country are sure to be good. The roast beef of old England is historic; the made dishes of the French, the dainty croquettes and the savory ragouts, the pot-au-feu of the peasants would tempt an anchorite; the German goose, stuffed with prunes and apple sauce furnishes a never-to-be-forgotten feast, and who has ever eaten macaroni, steaming macaroni, covered with tomatoe sauce, in Neples and forgotten the experience?

The delicious breads of Austria, the brioche and the caffee brod have made that country famous, and the goulashes of Hungary would tempt an anchorite. In our own country, there is no fried chicken in the world that can approach in flavor that raised and cooked by some old black mammy on a Virginia farm; imitations of it are tasteless and flavorless things, and would not the gods themselves abandon ambrosia and honey if they could be fed on the luscious terrapin and succulent crab from the Eastern Sho'?

But all the national dainties did not originate in the South. The North has contributed equally to the country's menu. One's mouth begins to water at the remembrance of the beans and brown bread to he had only in the Puritan stronghold; and pie, there is never such pie as the village housekeeper of New England concocts. Its flaky crust, so delicate and tender, with its sweet fillings of aromatic blueberries, tart and spicy apples, clear, quivering lemon cream with a mountain of meringue surmounting the exquisite yellow foundation, that is the New England pie, and when it is made by a notable housewife with all her secret mysteries it would set Pegasus himself off on a race to the stars.

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Then there is a clam chowder, not the insipid chowder of commerce, but the rich, thick compound that every fisherman on the coast can make better than the highest salaried chef in Gotham's most expensive hostelry, and lobster, and cod, and haddock, and Kennebec salmon, verily, there is no end of good things in the land of the Pilgrims. Then why should Miss Prudence or Miss Patience try to dazzle their city visitors with mere words and decorate their menus with high-sounding names of dishes which they cannot supply.

If the summer hosts would make the most of their resources, do the very best they can with what lies close at hand and look to it that their tables are daintily served, there would be fewer discontented guests. Of course the tactful and clever ones have already solved the problem of satisfying their summer visitors. Only the other day I had a midday dinner at a rose-bowered cottage, presided over by a smiling old maid that would make Sherry look to his laurels if the author of it was near enough to set herself up as a rival.

To begin with, the table was a marvel of daintiness. The linen was spotless, the glass shining and the quaint, old, blue china made a pleasing contrast to the great bowl of fragrant blush roses that occupied the center of the table. While the menu furnished all that the exquisite taste of the table promised.

First, there was steaming chowder, seasoned just to a turn and a grateful dish to our appetites, made ravenous by a long drive over country roads; following the chowder came a huge platter of delicious chicken stew, surrounded with fluffy dumplings covered with gravy that tasted as those old-fashioned herb gardens smell when the wind blows across them, with this dish were big, tender morrowfat peas, creamed carrots and mealy potatoes.

We had, indeed, feasted royally when this course was finished, and, if we were to eat more it would be well, we admitted, for us to run around the house, as we were wont to do between the courses of a Thanksgiving dinner when we were children in the country, but Miss Rosalie would give us no time, and before we had decided to put our project into execution, she brought in a bowl of salad, and such salad! With it were served home-made cream cheese and thin slices of toasted brown bread.

As I ate a vision of the chalet near Fontainebleau, which was once my home, rose before me and for the moment I thought I was being served by dear, fat, old Marie with the romaine she had raised in own garden. I shall never confess how much of that salad we ate, but when we had finished none of us had the inclination to run around the house. We only wanted to be still and happy, and then I remembered that lettuce had sedative qualities and so was content.

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The crowning dish of the dinner, however, was still to come, for presently Miss Rosalie appeared bearing a bowl of wonderful raspberries, and behind her followed a rosy-cheeked slavey carrying in one hand a curious old pitcher filled with cream and in the other a plate of what looked like lumps of sunshine, but which proved to sponge cake made from a recipe inherited from an ancestress of our hostess, a notable housewife of colonial days. We poured the lumpy, yellow cream over the berries, powdered them with sugar, sunk our teeth in the sponge cake—but here I pause for adequate words to describe the deliciousness of that dessert.

After dinner we wandered out under the shade of the roses to drink our coffee, and when she had brought it Miss Rosalie hoped the gentlemen would smoke, "Oh, yes," she liked smoke, she insisted, it made her think of her father, and so, when she had left us, we lighted our cigars and there was never such a post-prandial smoke before, for all of us felt mellow after our epicurean feast and at least one of us thought he would like to marry just such a woman as Miss Rosalie must have been in her youth, and have just such a dinner every day.

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Not long after this delectable experience I dined, or ate rather, for it was hardly dining, with some friends at a small inn, whose name and situation promised to furnish a delightful experience, but our disappointment was commensurate with our anticipations. Instead of a lovely bowl of blush roses in its center, the table was decorated with catsup and pickle bottles, the china was heavy and white, such as is commercially known as stone ware, and what was to me the last straw, we were given plated silver knives. I never take up one of these blunt instruments, which induce the swearing of great big oaths, but I recall what Matthew Arnold said when he wrote his impression of this country, "What can you expect of a nation that uses silver knives for cutting meat?" and what can you? Just try to cut a lucious slice of rare beef with a plated knife and see if you do not for a moment forget the pious teachings of your youth. But we digress. The pretentious menu is the thing against which I have declared war. This one was so typical of the country inn that tries to emulate the metropolitan hosteiries that I will quote it here:

Soup
Clam chowder — Consomme
Fish
Fried halibut — Boiled cod
Potatoes — Cucumbers
Entrees
Lamb pie — Lobster salad
Roasts
Turkey — Chicken
Vegetables
Potatoes, boiled, mashed, hashed brown
Squash Turnips Onions Beans Cranberries
Pastry
Apple pie, Squash pie, Blueberry pie, Orange pie
Lemon pie
Ices
Pineapple and walnut sherbet

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Now one would imagine that he could order an excellent dinner from such a long and pretentions bill-of-fare, but though we tried nearly everything on it, beginning with the chowder, which proved to be hot milk and water with an occasional clam and raw potatoes floating through it, there was really nothing on it that appealed to one's taste. The turkey was good enough and with that and the squash and cranberries and the apple pie, we managed to make out a dinner, but it was an entirely different feast from the one we partook of in Miss Rosalie's sweet presence. There cannot be a Miss Rosalie, alas, at the head of every country inn. There is no reason, however, why her standards should not be generally adopted and her good taste emulated. It would be a long advance in the right direction if mine host in the country and by the seashore would do away with his menu card and serve good, wholesome meals in table d'hote fashion, such as one gets at the small town on the continent of Europe. One of the most delicious dinners I ever sat down to was a pot-au-fou, some excellent romaine salad, country cheese and a rum omelet with which I drank a pint of native wine, for which I was taxed six cents a quart.

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This simple but savory feast was far removed from the dinner which I had with some of my boon companions at a little hamlet on the shore of one of the New England States the other evening. The cafe we chose for our entertainment advertises "broiled lobster" and it was this animal that we sought.

"What have you got for dinner," we asked the brown-eyed Hebe with the big pompadour and bigger chignon, who had seated us at a table decorated with soiled and faded paper flowers.

"There's the menow," she replied handing us an ornate bill-of-fare, 'Say, can't you read?' "

We admitted we could read, and having conned the bill of fare we ordered four broiled lobsters, deciding that we would make our entire meal from this dainty. Hebe disappeared behind a swinging door, and presently reappeared, chewing enthusiastically away at a hunk of chewing gum.

"Say," she announced, as clearly and loudly as the chewing gum would permit, "we ain't got no lobster."

"No lobster!" we repeated politely, trying to conceal our disappointment, for we were all devoted to this succulent crustacean. "Well, if you haven't any lobster we will have a large steak with mushrooms," and we pointed to this dish on the bill of fare. Again Hebe disappeared behind the swinging door.

"We ain't got no steak," she announced between hysterical fits of laughter, as though it was the greatest joke in the world when she again emerged.

"Would you," I suggested in my suavest manner, "mind seeing what you have in the larder?"

"We don't keep our stuff in lard," she replied flippantly, "but I'll see."

When Hebe came back she sat affectionately down in a chair at my side and as she worked away at her gum she pointed to the dishes in the "menow" that we might have.

"We've got," she said, chewing vigorously, "two orders of clam chawder; and you can have all the eggs, baked potatoes, and milk you want. Then we have college ices; perhaps you'd like to top off with 'em."

"Anything you choose, my dear," I replied, thoroughly discouraged.

"I ain't your dear," she snapped; "but that ain't saying I ain't somebody's." With which parting shot Hebe went to bring in our dinner.

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This is what we had: Two portions of clam chowder served for four, scrambled eggs, baked potatoes that had been baked an hour or two too long, college ices, and ginger cookies. It was unique, and that was all we could say for our meal as we passed out, after appropriately tipping Hebe. Under the sign of "The Broiled Lobster" we said thing about the proprietor that had better not be set down here. If it had been out of season, we would not have been disappointed; but it was the very height of the lobster season, and the fact that there was none was due entirely to the laziness and indifference of the proprietor, who, it seems, only worked when the spirit moved him, which, we found out, was characteristic of the people in that part of the country. A few days after our melancholy experience, the host of "The Broiled Lobster" shuffled up to us on the street.

"I'm all fired sorry," he said, "that you didn't git any lobster at my place t'other night. They was plenty of 'em, big, fine fellers, down ter the wharf, but I 'lowed ez heou nobody 'ed want 'em on sich a warm day, and so I didn't haul 'em up."

That is characteristic of some people. They decide what others should want and ought to have, and act accordingly. It was too hot for Cap'n Silas to enjoy lobster, hence he could not understand why any of his customers should; and so his larder was empty of the delicacy he spends much money in advertising. I felt very much like telling him that if he would stick to broiled lobster, have it always on hand and cooked just right, and leave scrambled eggs, baked potatoes, and college ices off his menu, he would have a more contented and a larger number of patrons.

FAMILY OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

This picture is from a photograph of the children of the Manchesters. From left to right are Lady Mary Montague, aged eight; Lady Milliton Montague, aged two; Viscount Mandeville, aged six, and Lord Edward Montague, aged four. Below is a photograph of Eugene Zimmerman, father of the duchess.

ANSWERS TO SOCIAL QUESTIONS

1. Question: Can you tell me how the King of England is officially addressed, in the second or third person?

Answer: In the third person.

2. Question: Is it true, as often stated, that in taking of the aigrette from the heron the bird is killed? Personally I do not believe this, and, as I am a milliner, do not want to believe it, but I would like to know the truth. MISS LUCIE.

Answer: Yes; the heron is killed when the aigrette is taken. These lovely plumes appear on the herons only at the breeding season, and not only are the old birds killed when they are captured and the aigrette removed, but the fledglings that depend upon them for care and nourishment. Traffic in these plumes are forbidden by law in this country, hence Collector Loeb's order that $1,500 worth of them seized in New York should be destroyed by fire.

3. Question: Have you seen Baedeker's guide to the United States?. If so, do you not think it absurd for him to say: "Throughout almost the whole country traveling is now as safe as in the most civilized parts of the world, and the carrying of arms, which, indeed, is forbidden in many States, is as unnecessary here as there?"

LOYAL AMERICAN.

Answer: You have only to look over your morning paper to be convinced that Baedeker had good and sufficient grounds for assuring foreign visitors that traveling in the United States is now as safe as in most parts of the civilized world. Surely, traveling in the West, North, and South has not always been safe, and there are still some parts of the country that even the most loyal Americans hesitate to visit, for trains are still held up in what are regarded as civilized parts of the country and the "road agents" have not vanished into the past. Loyalty is an excellent quality, but it should not blind one to facts.

4. Question: Can you tell me who first established the Marine Band concerts in the White House grounds? There is no public institution so much appreciated or which gives so much pleasure. Will you not raise your voice against their discontinuance? K. B. S.

Answer: President Tyler is said to have inaugurated the Marine Band concerts, which have been so deservedly popular and so much enjoyed by every one who attended them. Mr. Tyler's daughter, Mrs. Semple, for a short period mistress of the White House, always referred to this act of her father with peculiar pride and satisfaction. I do not think it is necessary for any one to raise a voice against their discontinuance, for both President and Mrs. Taft are democratic in their ideas, and they would not permanently do away with a function that gives such widespread pleasure.

5. Question: Can you tell me if there is a French "Who's Who?" If so, what is its title and is there a translation of it? In the American and English "Who's Who" no Frenchmen of note are mentioned, and it is not always easy for a newspaper hack to find material about the modern foreigners of prominence. LITERARY HACK.

Answer: The French "Who's Who," under the title of "Qui Etes-vous," has been published annually for a number of years back. It has not been translated as yet.

6. Question: I have read your articles in The Washington Herald with much interest, and I have insisted on my children reading them, for they furnish good mental pabulum. What I am most interested in is your attitude toward wealth. It is refreshing in this age of gilded calf worship to hear some one speak his mind fearlessly. Will you not write a paper showing how wealth makes snobs of the young people of the day—how it makes snobs of both those who possess it and their parasites who crave it? I gave up my country home on the North Shore because I was surrounded by rich snobs and my children were being ruined by their contact. Fortunately or unfortunately, I am myself the possessor of a considerable fortune, but because of this handicap I do not want my children to become fast and unprincipled young men and women. I think you will agree with me that in a certain set everything is reduced to a money standard, and there is no question of a person's attractions or accomplishments, his sterling worth, but "What is his income?" If you would publish the paper I ask for in an early issue I would much appreciate it, for I have some young people staying in the house at present to whom it would do worlds of good. With thanks in advance, I am, very truly yours,

M. R. S.

Beausejour, Mass., July 18.

Your letter came too late to be considered in this issue, but I will have pleasure in replying to it at some future time.

COURTED BY COUNT BONI.

MISS MARJORIE GOULD.

Eldest daughter of George J. Gould, who, reports from Paris say, is courted by Count Boni de Castellane, divorced husband of Mr. Gould's sister Anna, now the Princess de Sagan.

SKIN FROM ARM SAVES EYE.

Rarely Successful Operation Succeeds on Burned Man.

Darby, Pa., July 24.—Skin grafted from his arm has saved an eye of Harry Hainey, of Darby, who has entirely recovered from the delicate operation performed by Dr. De Swinetz at the University Hospital. The doctor succeeded in grafting a section of skin to Hainey's eyelid, an operation rarely successful.

Hainey had his eyelids badly burned by an explosion of gas where he was working, and although he received treatment immediately, the left eyelid refused to heal until the skin-grafting operation was resorted to.

THEIR EYES.

(Written especially for The Washington Herald.)

Oh, what beautiful eye-lashes
Have the Cuban maidens fair;
What smiling lips, alluring eyes,
And what locks of flowing hair!

Just as soon as you have seen them,
Faster, faster throbs the heart,
Till their charming ways and manners
Make you love them from the start.

Many times I have admired them,
Many times with joy I've smiled,
When they're gazed upon me sweetly,
I entranced, bewitched, beguiled.

Yes, the Cuban girls are pretty;
Yes, the Cuban girls are wise;
And no others can surpass them
In the beauty of their eyes.

GEORGE GODOY.

Havana, Cuba, July 14, 1909.

DOCTOR'S DEATH DREAM TRUE.

Patient Passes Away About the Hour He Had Premonition.

Jeffersonville, Ind., July 24.—An unusual circumstance connected with the death of Mrs. Lena Brooks, wife of John Brooks, of Salem, Ind., who died at the Jefferson Hospital, where she was undergoing medical treatment, was that her physician, Dr. E. W. Bruner, of this city, as nearly as can be judged, at the exact hour of her death dreamed that this occurred.

He did not know the truth of his dream until he got down to his office in the morning. Mrs. Brooks had come to be treated for appendicitis, and after five weeks' treatment she was attacked by a cerebral hemorrhage. It was the third attack of this character, and proved fatal.

EGGS AND CLOTHES ONLY BOOTY

Burglar "Passes Up" Money and Silverware in Store.

Richmond, Ind., July 24.—The police department is trying to fix the identity to the most peculiar type of burglar that has worked in Richmond in many years. He gained entrance to a Main street confectionery store by cuting his way through a rear door, an operation that must have taken hours. The burglar "passed up" money left in a cash register drawer, silver forks and knives and showed his preference for eggs, taking five dozen.

A colthing store near by was entered by the same strange burglar, who again showed his contempt for money by not molesting the cash drawer or safe, and got away with a suit of clothes and a shirt.

CUPID WINS LONG CONTEST.

Courtship of Fifty Years Result of Sister's Objection to Wedding.

Sharpsburg, Ky., July 24.—After a courtship of fifty years Brum Barnes and Miss Brach Crouch were married here at the home of the bridegroom. Rev. A. W. Partee performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by Mrs. W. H. Nolcum, Mr. Barnes' sister, and H. C. Stephens, his cousin.

The marriage followed close upon the death of Mr. Barnes' sister, Sarah Elizabeth. Brother and sister had lived for many years in their handsome home on the edge of the town, the brother desiring to remain single while his sister lived. The bride is an accomplished woman and wealthy.

CARING FOR HER FATHER.

MISS CORNELIA HARRIMAN.

Daughter of the millionaire railroad man, who is taking care of her father during his stay in Austria.

TIBER CREEK IN 1804

Navigable Stream Where Mall and Pennsylvania Avenue Now Are.

In a clever little open letter to The Washington Herald on Monday last, Mr. Nat Thomas justly compliments the paper on its wise and timely criticism on "Ill-paved and Unkept Streets," and on The Herald's unceasing efforts to rouse those in command to an appreciation of the possibilities of this beautiful city.

While it is certainly true that the conditions of our miles of streets need caustic comment, and often receive it from those whose perceptions are not dull and who use their eyes to look about, still the dear old burgh has done such great things even in the memory of those who have not reached the half-century mark in rising out of the swamp on which it was platted, that it may be encouraging to look back a bit and try to realize what the town looked like in the beginning, as to the streets and waterways.

It is little more than a century since President Washington approved the bill directing the acceptance of ten miles square "for the permanent seat of the government * * * between the mouths of the Eastern Branch and Conogocheague." The River of Swans cut this area in irregular halves and creeks and morass. Fens and rivulet disputed possession with firmer ground all through the city site.

One of the earliest distinguished visitors to Washington, as is probably pretty generally known, was the poet Moore. He was the guest of Mr. Merry, British Minister, and also of old Mr. Burns, "Crusty Davy," whose farm spread from the Potomac to the Patent Office, and who had many a tilt with Gen. Washington during the plotting of the city. Mr. Merry also had a grievance, for President Jefferson had affronted him unconsciously by his democratic simplicity, receiving the minister, who wore court dress in calling to present his credentials to the President, attired in old clothes and carpet slippers.

Tom Moore, the impressionable, caught the spirit of his hosts, and echoed it cleverly, but cruelly, in his famous letter to Hume and rhymes upon the Capital City of 1804. He includes the Serpentine Creek, known to the last generation of Washingtonians, but now safely covered over and incorporated in the sewerage system, in his scornful comment on "The Second Rome." And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now. But though a poet might scoff at this waterway which entered from the East of North Capitol street almost to Georgetown, in a zigzag passage, it was a very serious problem for the engineers of the city to deal with.

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The heights of Washington, which add so much to the beauty of the town, had much to do with the marshy ground which belted the city at the base of the hills from east to west, for there was a high ridge of land between the river called the F street ridge, extending along where Lafayette Square is now, and the streams in many cases drained to the north, instead of into the Potomac. The first roadway made on the avenue was formed by cutting down the bushes and briers with scythes and carting chips of freestone and refuse from the new buildings, with gravel, filling in for the width of a footway. It is said that the footways were made first, and the middle of the street filled or leveled—as required by the grade—afterward.

The Avenue route crossed Tiber Creek by bridge near Eleventh; some parts of this stream were really beautiful, notwithstanding the poet's contrary opinion, deep and wide, and slowly winding through groves of splendid trees. Water fowl were abundant, and one of the District blue laws forbids the firing of guns on Sunday, except to kill ducks in Tiber and Eastern Branch.

Beautiful Tiber was a capricious creek, and sometimes held in security the scows ladened with marble and stone which had been towed in from the more active waterways and tied to the roots of the great sycamore trees extending their length beyond the banks, and sometimes it would sympathize with a rise in the Potomac and storms in the heights above the plain, then it was a stream really to be feared.

There is a well-founded tradition that during Mr. Jefferson's first administration the rise in the creek was so great as to flood Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol to Sixth street, and became a real river on the south side of the avenue. Laborers on the Capitol Building wishing to get to their homes attempted to wade this torrent, and were carried off their feet and floated down the stream, where they were caught in the bushes and branches of trees, and held on perilously all the live-long night. At dawn, Mr. Jefferson rode down to the spot on his favorite horse, and offered $15 for each man saved, with the use of his horse in the rescue.

After this the Tiber was converted into a canal and confined within stone coping, serving a good purpose for quite a while. The Center Market was placed so near its edge so as to facilitate the landing of foodstuff, and was run up in such a hurry that before the roof was on it came down splash into the canal one fine night, and had to be built all over again, and the material fished out of the stream, where it tied up traffic. All the land below the canal was called The Island, and the marshy ground near the head of Tiber Creek toward H street northeast was called Swampoodle. This gives a slight idea of the consistency of a large section of the ground of the city as late as the war times.

Nearly every kind of material has been used on the streets. From wooden blocks to the present "velvet kind," miles of roads were macadamized in the fifties, and the traffic being heavy, as much building was going on, the granite and bits of sandstone used in this process were soon crushed to powder, and when a lusty March breeze tore down the Avenue one could not see from one side to the other for the thickness of the dust. An old Washingtonian tells of a bad carriage accident caused by nothing but the blinding dust frightening the horses at the moment the pain of the dust in his eyes caused the coachman to drop the ribbons.

This dust frightened the citizens, who thought it caused diseases of the eyes and lungs, so the streets were turned under, and then came a period of holes and ridges nearly as bad as during the first decade.

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Then came the war, and Washington was the highway between North and South, and thousands of men, and probably thousands of horses, too, added their quota to the destruction of the streets. North of I street had been considered too marshy and malarial for habitation, but the horses were quartered in vast numbers during the stormy days just off Connecticut avenue, near the convent grounds.

The first local jubilation after peace came to the city was a grand carnival and masquerade on the completion of the wood pavement on Pennsylvania avenue from the Treasury to the Capitol. The celebration lasted two days in the spring of 1871, and great was the fun of the population over this latest invention in footways.

Then came the daring Gov. Shepherd—hats off to his courage! He seemed the first to grasp the plan of the brilliant l'Enfant, who, after planning the city on paper, had every corner marked with a quarried stone bearing on its face the name and number of the street and square. Though some corners were marsh and some old fields or commons, from Rock Creek to Eastern Branch these stones were to be found, and Mr. Hines, who tells of them in his little pamphlet of "Early Recollections of Washington," said. "If these stones had been collected together there would have been enough to build a house as large as the White House." Which gives an idea how many corners and streets there are now to be kept in shape. But Washington is a show city, with little business to injure the streets, practically no heavy teams to batter the surface, so by all means let's have better made and better kept streets, but at the same time let's be thankful they are so much better than in the "good old days" before the war.

TOMB STONE ERECTED BEFORE BODY IS BURIED.

An interesting story told in the Wide World Magazine of a wandering monument which once covered the remains of a young man buried on the banks of a river in Manitoba and which, owing to gradual shifting of the soil, helped on by vibrations of passing trains, is now far from the original spot of its erection, reminds one of a case in Congressional Cemetery, where the grave and the stone in honor of the grave are far apart.

The old graveyard on the banks of the Anacostia is in the parish of Christ Church, but in 1810 a paternal government voted to erect a sandstone cenopath to the memory of every Senator or Representative dying in office, and the Episcopalian Burying Ground, as it was called, was chosen for the place to put the stones, in this way the sectarian name was soon lost by popular use. In the more Catholic term of Congressional.

Of course, the country now boasts of too many States and statesmen to continue this custom, but of all these peculiar monuments at least 50 per cent cover bodies, and they certainly serve the purpose for which they were intended, of memorials, for so ugly are they, judged by present-day standards, once seen they are long remembered.

For years before the enactment by which the government honored the memory of those dying while representing their State in Congress, the stormy, but useful life of the Southern warrior and statesman, Gov. James Jackson, of Georgia, had ended. He served through the Revolutionary war with honor, rising to the rank of major general, then in the field of politics played an active part in winning successively every office of trust his State could give him. He was the successful hero in a battle with land grabbers, and the inscription on the tomb erected to his memory says: "He deserved and enjoyed the confidence of a grateful country as a soldier and statesman, who was the determined foe of foreign tyranny and the scourage and terror of corruption at home."

The body was buried about three miles outside of the city, and not removed until the stone baring Gen. Jackson's name had been some time in place. And though the country may be as grateful for his services as the stone records, the fact remains that it was found too much bother to move the stone and inter the body, so it was buried quite as far from the monument as the Manitoba stone has traveled from its original site. Only the cleverly-kept records of the cemetery show where the body of this one-time public servant lies.

SLAVE GIRL OF GREECE NUCLEUS OF ART GALLERY.

In front of Buckingham Palace, in London, a splendid memorial to the late queen of England has been erected, and the workmanship of the bas reliefs and classical figures are probably as fine as anything of the modern school of sculpture. But according to recent dispatches the general plan of these decorations seems to be on the idea that "beauty unadorned, adorned the most," and the King is being assailed with letters from ministers of the nonconformist persuasion, protesting and asking what he thinks his "gracious mother would say to some of the figures on this national tribute to the best and greatest of English women?" There is an old, and probably true, saying that to the pure all things are pure, and in turning the leaves of a Washington newspaper of 1848 the following defense of Power's "Greek Slave," written by a resident of this city for sixty years, a refined and gentle woman of the South, cousin of Mrs. Madison and great niece of Patrick Henry, came to view:

"All visitors of the Corcoran Gallery of Art are familiar with the beautiful piece of marble which is the original masterpiece of Power, and which was exhibited after a tour of the larger cities of the United States in a hall on the Avenue in 1848. Great was the excitement in art and other circles, and bitter the newspaper attacks on this conception of the slave girl of Greece. Mr. W. W. Corcoran was a warm defender of the statue, and showed his appreciation of it in a practical way, by buying it, and having recently purchased the old home of Daniel Webster, on H street, had a wing built and in a curtained niche the statue set up. From this nucleus sprang the Corcoran Gallery of Art—this broad-minded citizen wishing to give the city the benefit of the art gems gotten together for his own pleasure, gave the building on Pennsylvania avenue and Seventeenth street, which so long bore his name, with all the marble and canvas he had assembled around the "Greek Slave" in his own home gallery.

"It is hard to believe that any one could have objected to this lovely work of art and easily one indorses the 'defense' set forth in the Intelligencer, which reads, in part: 'As a work of art it is surpassingly beautiful. The elaborately-wrought robe which falls over the pillar on which she leans excels anything of the kind I ever beheld. But it is the conception of the artist I most admire—the chasteness and purity which filled his mind when he gave us this almost living embodiment of thought. We behold a female, lovely, gifted, perhaps high born and noble, in the most helpless heart-rending circumstances in which she could be placed. Behold in her face "the sickening anguish of despair." We see no look of degradation, for we can only be degraded by our own acts. But there is that helpless, hopeless, despairing expression which seems to say, "Oh, let me shut my eyes upon this hateful scene forever." See appended to her mantle the locket and the cross, touching emblems of love and religion! Perhaps before the one she has vowed eternal fidelity to him whose image fills the other. The contemplation of such a spectacle seems to me calculated to awaken the purest emotions in any virtuous mind."

LINES TO A BOWL.

Upon my study table rests a bowl
Of beaten brass and of a quaint design,
'Tis crudely wrought by hands untaught,
Yet beauty lurks in every line.
And when I woo the wayward muse,
Therein is placed all the refuse—
The ashes of my smokes, the themes,
The residue of golden dreams,
Of fancy's wild imaginings;
All stored within this bowl of mine—
Of beaten brass and quaint design.